

NURSERY RHYMES

DRAWINGS BY
LESLIE BROOKE



II
RHYMES AND
LULLABIES

FREDERICK WARNE & CO. LTD.

5 MOTHER GOOSE

NURSERY RHYMES

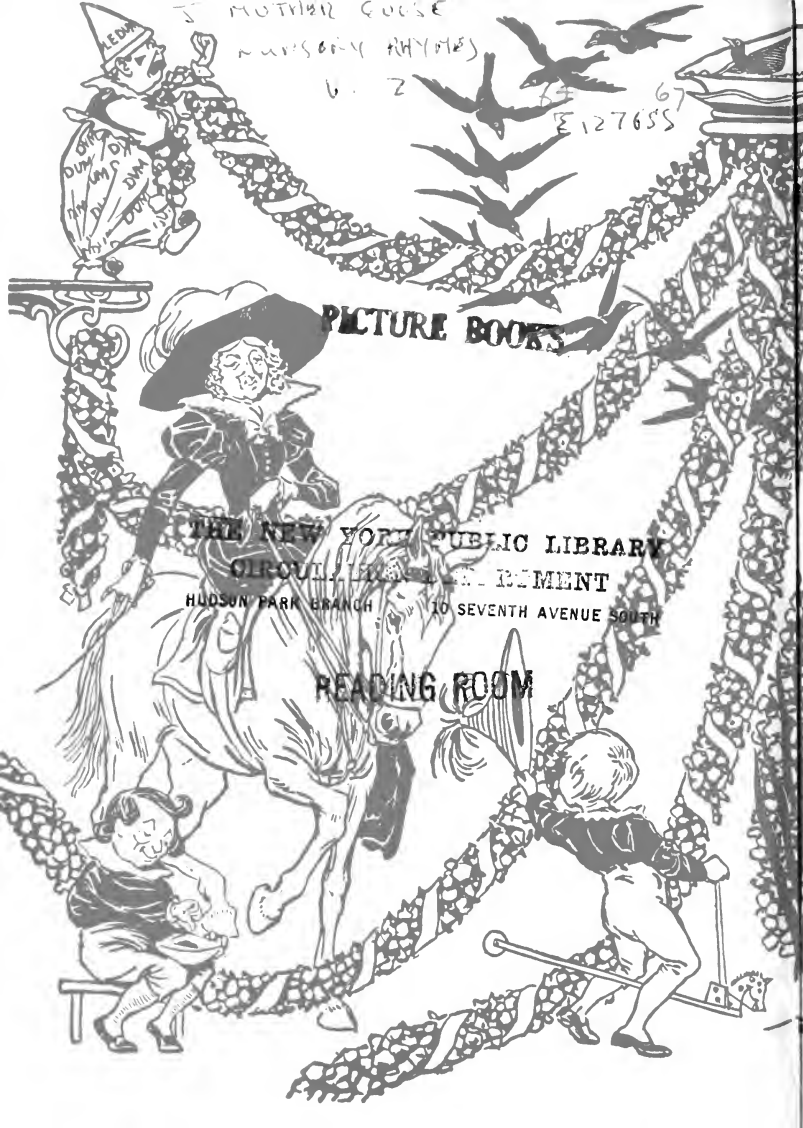
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THE FIVE PIGS

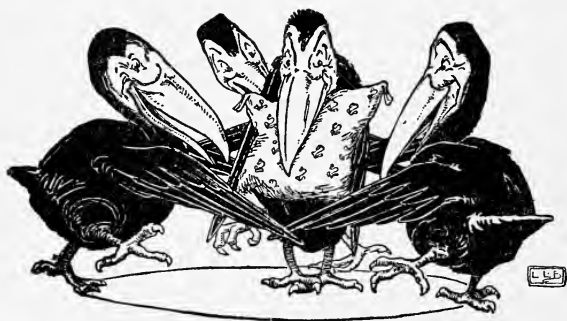
NURSERY RHYMES

WITH DRAWINGS BY
L. LESLIE BROOKE

RHYMES AND LULLABIES



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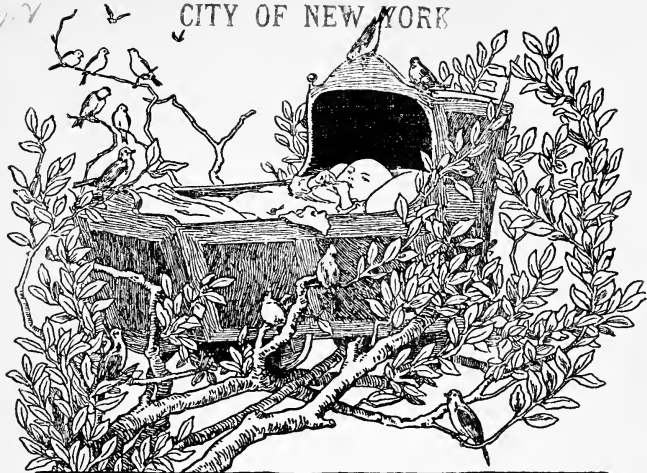


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Hush-a-bye, Baby

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top ;
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock ;

When the bough bends, the cradle will fall ;
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

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HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey, my kitten, my deary !
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, downy ;
 And here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

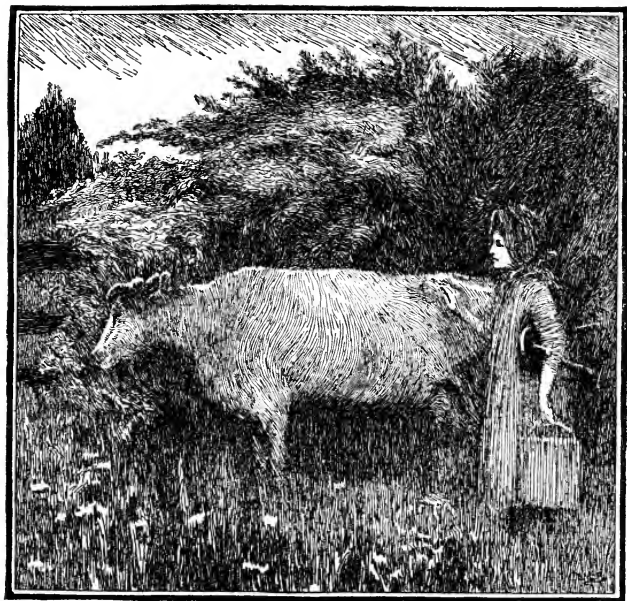


YOUNG lambs to sell !
 Young lambs to sell !
 If I'd as much money as I can tell,
 I never would cry, Young lambs to sell !



[A song set to five fingers.]

1. THIS little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig stayed at home ;
3. This little pig had roast beef,
4. And this little pig had none ;
5. This little pig cried, " Wee, wee, wee !
 I can't find the way home."



CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

BYE, baby bunting,
 Father's gone a-hunting,
 Gone to fetch a rabbit skin
 To wrap the baby bunting in.



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green ;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;
 And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

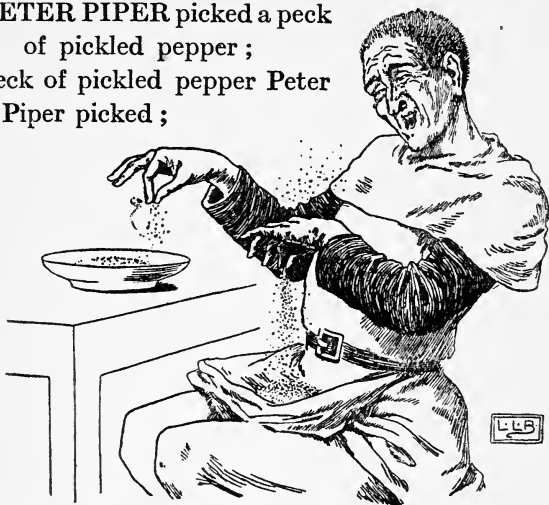


DANCE to your daddy,
 My little babby ;
 Dance to your daddy,
 My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy,
 In a little dishy ;
 You shall have a fishy
 When the boat comes in.

NURSERY RHYMES

PETER PIPER picked a peck
of pickled pepper ;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter
Piper picked ;



If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked ?



THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone ;
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone and I !

There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 And a farce ¹ mouse in a mill ;
 Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a-wooing ride,
 Kitty alone, &c. ;
 This frog he would a-wooing ride,
 And on a snail he got astride,
 Cock me cary, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
 Kitty alone, &c. ;
 He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
 And there he did both knock and call ;
 Cock me cary, &c.

¹ Merry.



NURSERY RHYMES

Quoth he, “ Miss Mouse, I’m come to thee,”

Kitty alone, &c. ;

Quoth he, “ Miss Mouse, I’m come to thee,

To see if thou canst fancy me ; ”

Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, “ Answer I’ll give you none,”

Kitty alone, &c. ;

Quoth she, “ Answer I’ll give you none,

Until my uncle Rat come home ; ”

Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,

Kitty alone, &c. ;

And when her uncle Rat came home,

“ Who’s been here since I’ve been gone ? ”

Cock me cary, &c.

“ Sir, there’s been a worthy gentleman,”

Kitty alone, &c. ;

“ Sir, there’s been a worthy gentleman,

That’s been here since you’ve been gone ; ”

Cock me cary, &c.

NURSERY RHYMES

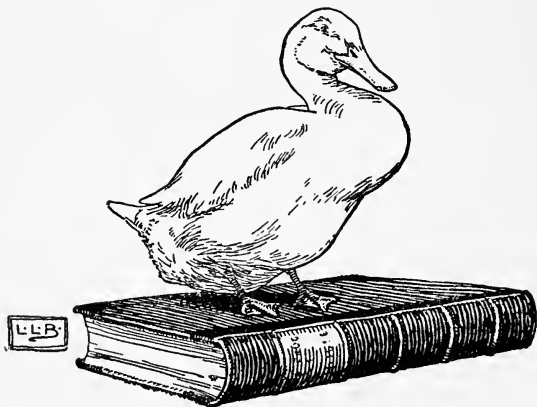
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone ;

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book.

Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.





TO make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o !
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

I WOULD if I cou'd,
 If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I ?
 I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I ?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye ?
 Cou'd ye, cou'd ye ?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye ?



THREE children sliding on the ice
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny
 They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.



G.L.B.

TO market, to market,
 To buy a plum bun ;
 Home again, come again,
 Market is done.



I SAW a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea ;
 And, oh ! it was all laden
 With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
 And apples in the hold,
 The sails were made of silk,
 And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four-and-twenty white mice
 With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
 With a packet on his back ;
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain said, “ Quack ! quack ! ”



I F all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink ?

AS I walked by myself,
 And talked to myself,
 Myself said unto me,
 Look to thyself,
 Take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
 And said to myself,
 In the self-same repartee,
 Look to thyself,
 Or not look to thyself,
 The self-same thing will be.



POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
 They made him a coat
 Of an old nanny goat,
 I wonder how they could do so !
 With a ring a ting tang,
 And a ring a ting tang,
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

NURSERY RHYMES

ST. SWITHIN'S day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.



WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast ;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth ;

NURSERY RHYMES

When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth ;



When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.



HE that would thrive
Must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven ;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

NURSERY RHYMES

MONDAY'S bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace,
Wednesday's bairn is full of woe,
Thursday's bairn has far to go,
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living,
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.



FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost ;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost ;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost ;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost ;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost ;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.



MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.



PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been ?

I've been up to London to look at the queen.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?

I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

THERE was an old woman
 Lived under a hill,
 And if she's not gone
 She lives there still.



THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a
 basket
 Nineteen times as high as the moon ;
 Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
 For in her hand she carried a broom.

“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” quoth I,
 “ O whither, O whither, O whither, so high ? ”
 “ To brush the cobwebs off the sky ! ”
 “ Shall I go with thee ? ” “ Ay, by-and-by.”



FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
 Employed while others sleep ;
 What few would like to give away,
 Nor any wish to keep.

[*A bed.*



OLD Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
 But when she came there
 The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
 But when she came back
 The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin,
 But when she came back
 The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
 To get him some tripe,
 But when she came back
 He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
 To buy him some fish,
 And when she came back
 He was licking the dish.

NURSERY RHYMES

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.



She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

NURSERY RHYMES

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, " Your servant,"
The dog said, " Bow, wow."



DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
 Went to bed with his trousers on ;
 One shoe off, the other shoe on,
 Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
 Tell me when your wedding be ?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.



SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and popped her head in ;
 “ Shall I come in and cut your threads off ? ”
 “ Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off ! ”



[*A game at ball.*]

CUCKOO, cherry-tree,
 Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
 Let the tree be high or low,
 Let it hail, rain, or snow.



FOUR-and-twenty tailors went to kill a
snail ;
The best man among them durst not touch her
tail ;
She put out her horns like a little Kylow cow ;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

THE winds they did blow ;
 The leaves they did wag ;
 Along came a beggar boy,
 And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London ;
 A lady did me buy,
 Put me in a silver cage,
 And hung me up on high,

With apples by the fire,
 And nuts for to crack,
 Besides a little feather bed
 To rest my little back.



COCK ROBIN got up early
 At the break of day,
 And went to Jenny's window,
 To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
 To the pretty Jenny Wren ;
 And when he got unto the end,
 Then he began again.



L.L.B.

THERE was a piper, he'd a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her ;
He took his pipes and played a tune :
“ Consider, old cow, consider ! ”

NURSERY RHYMES

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie."



A PIE sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree.
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
Once so merrily hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she.
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!



ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried, " Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop ? "
And was going to the window,
To say, " How do you do ? "
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
 “ Yes, good sir, that I can,
 As well as any other man :
 There’s a nail, and there’s a prod,
 And now, good sir, your horse is shod.”



[Bird boy’s song.]

EAT, birds, eat, and make no waste ;
 I lie here and make no haste :
 If my master chance to come,
 You must fly, and I must run.



THERE were two blackbirds
 Sitting on a hill,
 The one nam’d Jack,
 The other nam’d Jill.
 Fly away Jack !
 Fly away Jill !
 Come again Jack !
 Come again Jill !

A LONG-TAIL'D pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
 Or a pig without e'er a tail,
 A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
 Or a pig with a curly tail.



BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
 Not very little and not very big ;
 When he was alive he lived in clover ;
 But now he's dead, and that's all over.
 So Billy Pringle he laid down and cried,
 And Betty Pringle she laid down and died ;
 So there was an end of one, two, and three :
 Billy Pringle he,
 Betty Pringle she,
 And the piggy wiggy.

GREAT A, little a,
 Bouncing B !
The cat's in the cupboard,
 And can't see me.



IF ifs and ands,
 Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers !



TELL tale, tit !
 Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
 Shall have a little bit.



BIRCH and green holly, boys,
 Birch and green holly.
If you get beaten, boys,
 'Twill be your own folly.





THE man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

ARTHUR O'BOWER has broken his band,
 He comes roaring up the land ;—
 "The King of Scots, with all his power,
 Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower !

[*A storm of wind.*



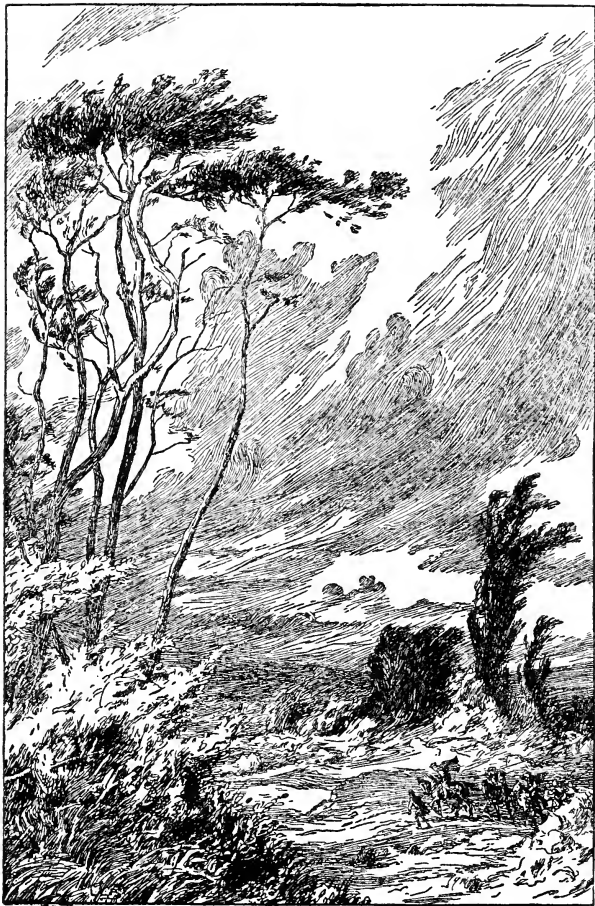
THERE was a king met a king
 In a narrow lane ;
 Says this king to that king,
 " Where have you been ? "

" Oh ! I've been a-hunting
 With my dog and my doe."

" Pray lend him to me,
 That I may do so."

" There's the dog *take* the dog.
 " What's the dog's name ? "

" I've told you already."
 " Pray tell me again."



ARTHUR O'BOWER HAS BROKEN HIS BAND.

PETER WHITE will ne'er go right.
 Would you know the reason why ?
 He follows his nose where'er he goes,
 And that stands all awry.



THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
 Who, being little, was not big ;
 He always walked upon his feet,
 And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
 He never at that place did stay ;
 And while he ran, as I am told,
 He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd and sometimes vi'lent,
 And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent ;
 Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
 He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
 He took a whim and fairly died ;
 And, as I'm told by men of sense,
 He never has been living since.



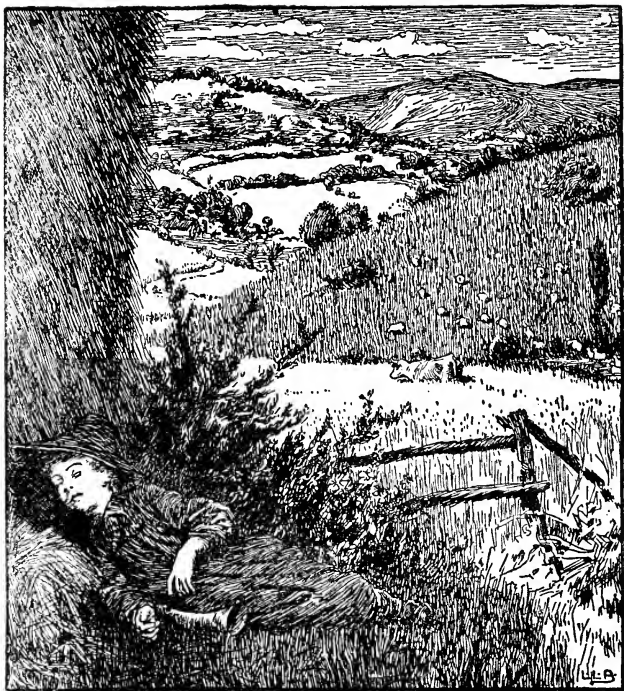
JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean :



And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.



ROSEMARY green,
And lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet marjoram,
Hyssop and rue.



LITTLE boy blue, come, blow up your horn ;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn.

NURSERY RHYMES

“Where’s the little boy that looks after the sheep?”

“He’s under the hay-cock fast asleep.”

“Will you wake him?” “No, not I;
For if I do, he’ll be sure to cry.”



GOD bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;

And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.



LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
“Gathering roses to give to the queen.”

“Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?”

“She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.”



THIS is the house that Jack built.

2. This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

NURSERY RHYMES

4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

NURSERY RHYMES

8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,

NURSERY RHYMES ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



NURSERY RHYMES

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
“To-morrow will be Monday.”



BRAVE news is come to town ;
Brave news is carried ;
Brave news is come to town
Jemmy Dawson's married.



SYLVIA, sweet as morning air,
Do not drive me to despair :
Long have I sighed in vain,
Now I am come again :
Will you be mine or no, no-a-no,—
Will you be mine or no ?

Simon, pray leave off your suit,
For of your courting you'll reap no fruit.
I would rather give a crown
Than be married to a clown ;
Go for a booby, go, no-a-no,—
Go, for a booby, go.



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“ What are Little Boys made of ? ”

WHAT are little boys made of made of ;
What are little boys made of ?

“ Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs’ tails ;
And that’s what little boys are made of, made of.”

What are little girls made of, made of, made of ;
What are little girls made of ?

“ Sugar and spice, and all that’s nice ;
And that’s what little girls are made of, made of.”

GEORGEY PORGEY, pudding and pie,
 Kissed the girls and made them cry;
 When the girls came out to play,
 Georgey Porgey ran away.



KING'S SUTTON is a pretty town,
 And lies all in a valley;
 There is a pretty ring of bells,
 Besides a bowling-alley:
 Wine and liquor in good store,
 Pretty maidens plenty;
 Can a man desire more?
 There ain't such a town in twenty.



COME, let's to bed,
 Says Sleepy-head;
 " Tarry a while," says Slow;
 " Put on the pan,"
 Says Greedy Nan,
 " Let's sup before we go."

JENNY Wren fell sick,
 Upon a merry time ;
 In came Robin-Redbreast
 And brought her sops and wine

“ Eat well of the sops, Jenny,
 Drink well of the wine.”

“ Thank you, Robin, kindly,
 You shall be mine.”

Jenny she got well,
 And stood upon her feet,
 And told Robin plainly
 She loved him not a bit.

Robin, being angry,
 Hopped upon a twig,
 Saying, “ Out upon you. Fie upon you,
 Bold-faced jig.”



THE hart he loves the high wood,
 The hare she loves the hill,
 The knight he loves his bright sword,
 The lady—loves her will.

BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool ?
“ Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full :
One for the master,
One for the dame,
One for the little boy
That lives in the lane.”



WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“ Are the children in their beds, for now it’s eight
o’clock ? ”



EARLY to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.







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